

THE CHARACTER OF THE TATTLEER.

S I R,

As to that Part of your Letter wherein you lay your Commands upon me, to give you some Account of the Author of a Paper call'd, *The Tattleer*, and who he is, I have taken what Care I can to gratifie your Curiosity in this Point, tho' to little or no Purpose, for after the most diligent Enquiry I cannot find him: I thought I had had him onet, coming to the House where he was said to beat Dinner; but as I entered the Room he disappear'd; whether he flew out of the Window, or up the Chimney, or what other Way he escap'd, I cannot say: But I am inform'd he is very stout like *Will in the Wisp*, he is always farther off when you conceive you have him in your Hand. The most I can learn of him is that his True Name is *Abednego Umbra*; he was formerly in the Reign of King *Thorismond* the Second a Member of the Colledge in the University of ———; I am acquainted with a Fellow of the same House with him, his Contemporary, who remembers *Nego*, as they us'd to call him, perfectly well, who gives me this Description of him, That he is a Tall, Short, Lean, Fat, Black, Fair, Dull, Witty, Somebody, Nobody, and so forth; from whence you may guess whence he was Born, that is, what Countryman he is, without a Pair of Spectacles. He was Born of Christian Parents, (as 'tis whisper'd, for 'tis said he denies it,) whose Nativity was Calculated by Prophet *Partridge* a little before his Death; but he would not speak out what Destiny the Stars had assign'd him to, but he left it in Short-hand, as a Legacy to his Wife——, but never to be Publish'd till after his Resurrection, which is to be on the same Day with Monsieur the *French Chymical Prophet*, some Time since also Deceas'd, at least he disappear'd. Here are strange Stories go of this *Tattleer*: He so often varies his Shape, that *Proteus*, Posture *Clerk* and *Gertin*, are but Tom Fools to him. But what is most surprizing, is that he can change others also as well as himself into what Forms he pleases; which Operation he performs by a new-invented Sort of *Magick-tical Mill*, call'd, *Whimsie*, into which he puts

the Subject Matter he is to work upon. And tho' the Persons he seizes, goes into the *Whimsical Mill* never so Beautiful, Wile, Prudent, Learned, &c. they immediately come out again the most Hideous, Deformed, Ignorant, Foolish, Ridiculous, Animals imaginable; not fit to be Ambassadors to Scare-Crows, or to the King of *Bautam*. This Engine, I mean the *Whimsie Mill*, is managed by a limited number of Performers, called Directors, who meet so many Times a Week to consider with great Deliberation about the Method of carrying on this Grand Affair of so much Consequence to the Sleepy World; no one is to be enter'd into this Society but under the Sacred Seal of Secrecie, and signing a Paper, whereby they oblige themselves to call every Thing by a Wrong Name, take every Thing in a Wrong Sense, and put False, and Rude, New and unheard-of, Interpretations upon Nature's Manners, and Religion. Two of these most Famous Directors are *Dr. T——*, an Old Fumbling Pedlar, a Seller of Small Wares to Poor, Silly, People, who have bad Eyes. *Mr. H——*, that Famous Polemical Knight Errand, who has challenged all the Race of *Nimrod*, the great Hunter, to show a better Title to their own Dominions than he can to them, for himself, *L——*, he is now entering the Lists against *Gog, Magog*, and vows he will not leave a Giant living upon Earth. But of this Class I am assur'd you will hear more hereafter. But to return to the Esq; strongly presumed to be *Seignior Chalybe*; Captain *S——*, that mighty Wit, who surpasses all Mens Understanding, and knows Nobody, even not himself: For tho' there was a Time when he was Poor *Seignior Chalybe*, he now, I say, is willing to change his Name, and to be *J. B. Esq;* with a seeming great deal of Entreaty; tho' I must confess I fancy *Fame* is mistaken in the Name, for *Seignior Chalybe* is all Perfection, all Humane, all Polite; he is Somebody, and his Jest and Turns are all very Natural, but Esq; *B.* alias *Abednego Umbra*, leans to be confin'd to Civility or Nature; he Soars above common Thoughts and Actions; he turns all the Creatures by Transmutes into Figures, the most unlike Nature possible, and to what they were before in themselves. He turns a pretty Parrot

Parrot into a Rhinoceros, an humble Bee into an Elephant, for the Service of *Aurange Zebe*, &c. But how comes this to be discover'd? Why, they say one *Tonjanus*, a Sorcerer, is conveyed into his Presence every Night, riding upon the Back of a *Palatine*, (but he must be Hoodwink'd,) where without saying one Word, upon Forfeiture of his Life and Fortune, there is put into his Hand an Engine, called a *Cavis*, which goes by the Name of *The Modern Interpreter of Metamorphoses*. Mrs. *Craekenthorpe* hearing that *Esq; B.* was acquainted with Mr. *Flamsted*, writ an Ingenious Letter to him by the Penny-Post, to meet her at the said Philosopher's House in *Greenwich-Park* at the Hour One, by Moon-light, (knowing the *Esq's* Bashfulness, how loth he was to be seen Publicly and Barefaced,) that they Three might be Merry together, and Dance the Hay. She comes to the Place appointed, when behold who should she meet there but the Devil upon Two Sticks: the poor Lady fell in Fits, and from that Fright has never been able to write Sense, of which sad Misfortune her Printer gives the World an Account Three Times a Week.

In short, *J. B. Esq;* is resolved, in Person, not to be discovered, and therefore some are contented if you will but allow them to be on his Family: which since the Blazing Star of last *Monday* was Seventnight is grown very Numerous, not a Constable in the Parish but pretends to be near allied to him; and if you dare to question him his Assertion, he lays you over the Pate with his Staff Authority to make out his Relations.

Every Master of the most Noble Science of Defence lays in a Claim, and proves it by Quarter-Staff, Drum-Stick, Hazelwood and Crabtree, with a huge Number more that shall be Nameless are in hopes of not being discover'd by him.

Even *Jenny Cutburt* says, that though her Father was a Razor, her Mother was a Staff.

There is a strong Rumour that he has been in *Holland*, *Rome*, *Geneva*, and *England*, at the same Time, and that there are those will make Affidavits of the Truth of the Fact; but at this Report the Backs of the Metaphysicians are up; and to overthrow this wild Opinion, some of the Refined Virtuoso's undertake to maintain that *J. B. Esq;* is nowhere at all; and this they do by a Machine, Entituled, *Demonstration*, a Property peculiar to their Institution, by which they make out Impossibilities as plain as any Sort of Director in the Universe; but to overthrow this Demonstration, Unfortunate as it is, in the next *Tuesday's Gazette* (viz. the Instant) there will be inserted among the Advertisements, by one who knows (and there are not many that do) a Full, True, and Impartial Account of *J. B. Esq;* alias *A. V.* of his Parentage, Birth, Education, Place of Abode, Company, Office, Manner of Life, Acquaintance, Adventures, with the Faithful History of his Invisible Ring, and how he came to write the *Tatler* by Inspiration; with some Merry Remarks of his being taken in Bed with the _____'s Wife, his Escape, and Resolutions thereupon, together with his Manual Prayers and Pindaricks, &c. to be used upon several Occasions.

To which will be added a Philosophical Translation of the paring of Turnips; and an Astonishing Piece or Discovery of a Trap for Slander, which (after the Manner of the Modern Rabbys, or Mystical Theologits, who fine the Revelation, and illustrate Paradoxes by Paradoxes,) proves Mechanically the Lawfulness of a Layman's playing a Prize with a Bishop. By an Author who is everywhere and nowhere, *J. B. Esq;* Adieu.

I am Yours, &c.

